

An Ode to Vincent Valentine  
by Shiva's Night

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Summary: A silly little poem I wrote a while ago about my favorite man in black, FF7's Vincent Valentine

An Ode to Vincent Valentine

Disclaimer: all the proper nouns in this poem belong to SquareSoft, the proud creators of the Final Fantasy series. They rock!

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>An Ode to Vincent Valentine<br> By Shiva's Night  
> <br>He sleeps in a coffin  
>And has long, black hair<br>Don't ask him any questions  
>'Cause he just doesn't care<br>A flowing, red cape  
>And an arm made of steel<br>You'll never see him crying  
>Because he can't feel<br>A former head Turk  
>Vincent stands proud<br>But when compared to Reno  
>He's just not as loud<br>His love, Lucrecia,  
>Calls Sephiroth her son<br>Because she met Hojo  
>And had too much fun<br>When Vincent meets monsters  
>He shoots them all dead<br>His solution for any problem:  
>A bullet in the head<br>Vincent takes his vodka  
>Straight-up with a twist<br>He turns into a demon  
>When he gets pissed<br>February the 14th  
>We named after him<br>A day full of love  
>Though Vince's love life is dim<br>Now grumpy and tired  
>Vincent goes to his bed<br>But we all know that tomorrow  
>He'll rise from the dead<br>  
> <p><p>

End  
file.